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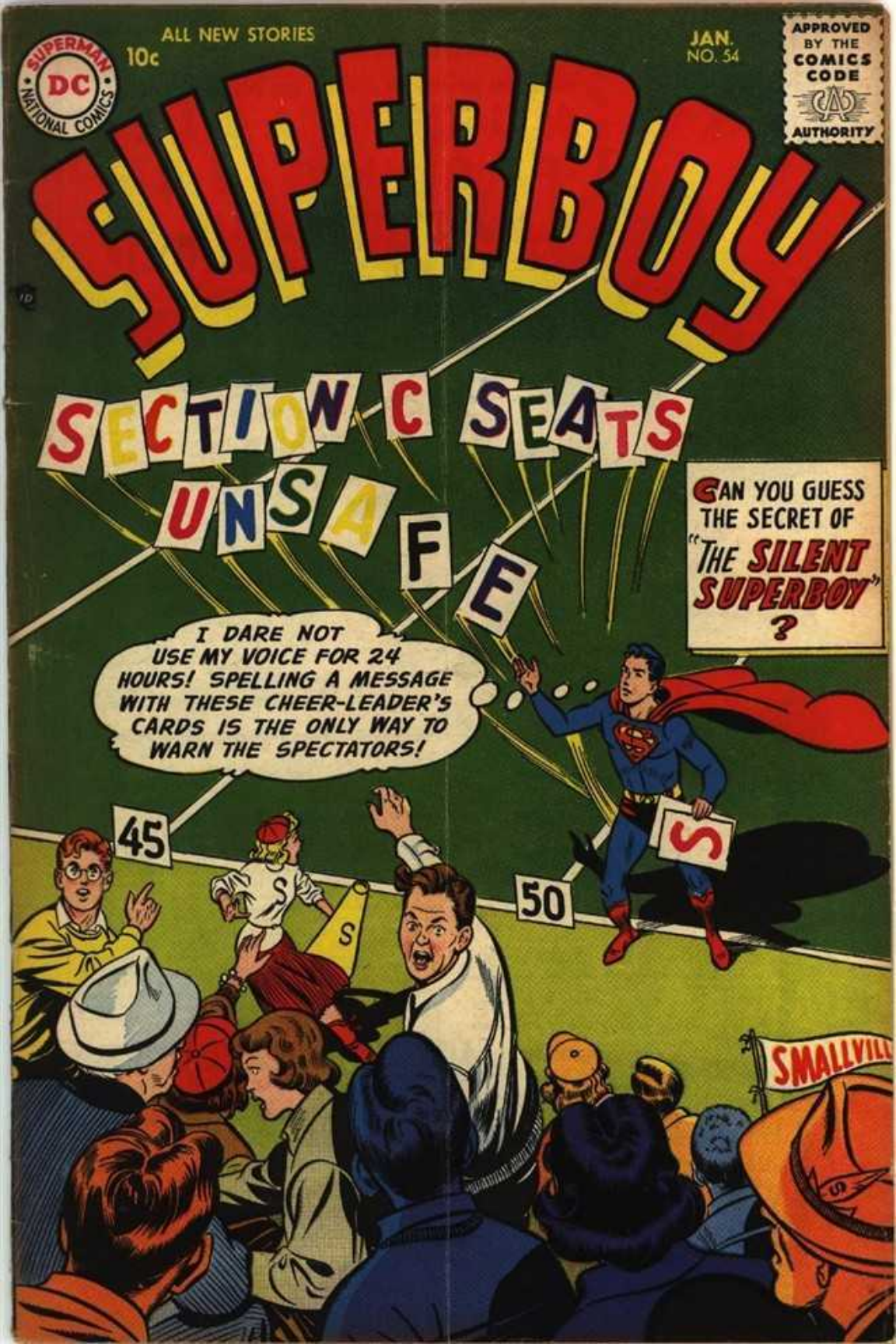
SUPERBOY

SECTION C SEATS UNSAFE

CAN YOU GUESS THE SECRET OF "THE SILENT SUPERBOY"?

I DARE NOT USE MY VOICE FOR 24 HOURS! SPELLING A MESSAGE WITH THESE CHEER-LEADER'S CARDS IS THE ONLY WAY TO WARN THE SPECTATORS!



SUPERBOY
The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN WHEN HE WAS A BOY
YOU PROBABLY HAVE SEVERAL SUITS IN YOUR WARDROBE, BUT SUPERBOY DEPENDS ON ONLY ONE... HIS AMAZING SUPER-SUIT, IMPERVIOUS TO ALL HARM! WITHOUT IT, HOW COULD THE BOY OF STEEL PERFORM HIS USUAL GREAT FEATS--DEFYING FIRE, BULLETS AND OTHER DESTRUCTIVE FORCES? YOU WILL SEE THE THRILLING ANSWERS IN THIS STORY OF...
SUPERBOY'S SUBSTITUTE SUITS
HA, HA... THINGS ARE REVERSED, SUPERBOY! I CAN RUN THROUGH FIRE, AND YOU CAN'T!
MY ORDINARY CLOTH COSTUME CAUGHT FIRE! UNTIL I GET MY SUPER-SUIT BACK, I MUST DEVISE A NEW SUPER-WARDROBE!
FAR OUT IN THE DESERT, AN ATOMIC BOMB TEST GOES DANGEROUSLY AWRY...
GREAT SCOTT! THE TIMER-FUSE WENT OFF PREMATURELY!
WE'LL NEVER AVOID THE BLAST IN TIME!
BUT, STANDING GUARD NEARBY, SUPERBOY STREAKS SWIFTLY TO THE RESCUE...
HMM... EVEN IF I CARRIED THE BOMB HIGH UP, AND LET IT EXPLODE IN THE AIR, THOSE MEN MIGHT RECEIVE RADIATION BURNS! I'LL WRAP MY SUPER-SUIT AROUND IT INSTEAD!

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AND EVEN THE MIGHTIEST BLAST CAN'T DAMAGE THIS CLOTH FROM SUPERBOY'S NATIVE PLANET..
BOOM
SUPERBOY'S COSTUME SAVED US!

AFTERWARD, AS THE BOY OF STEEL SECRETLY SWITCHES TO HIS EVERYDAY IDENTITY OF MILD-MANNERED CLARK KENT...
SUPERBOY TOLD US NOT TO GO NEAR THE SUIT TILL TOMORROW! IT'S TEMPORARILY CONTAMINATED WITH RADIOACTIVITY! EVEN HE WON'T TAKE IT NOW, FOR FEAR OF INJURING OTHER PEOPLE!
CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK
I THEY'LL SEND IT TO SMALLVILLE, CARE OF GENERAL DELIVERY!

BUT THAT EVENING...
I HEARD THE RADIO REPORT... NOW'S MY BIG CHANCE TO SNATCH THE SUPER SUIT! MY GEIGER COUNTER SHOWS IT'S ALREADY DECONTAMINATED!

THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT, "DOC" ELLISON, CRIMINAL SCIENTIST, STUDIES AND ANALYZES THE AMAZING COSTUME, TILL FINALLY...
AT LAST! I SYNTHESIZED A SUPER-THREAD THAT IS INDESTRUCTIBLE! I CAN WEAVE SUITS OUT OF IT, AND SELL THEM... TO MY PALS...

SOON, THERE IS A SUPER-SALE IN THE UNDERWORLD...
SEE... NOTHING CAN HARM IT!
WOW! I'LL TAKE ONE!
SYNTHETIC SUPER-SUITS ONLY #10,000

WHAT JOBS WE'LL BE ABLE TO PULL, PROTECTED BY THESE SUPER-SUITS! THEY'RE AS GOOD AS SUPERBOY'S COSTUME!
NOT REALLY--BECAUSE THEY HAVE ONE SMALL WEAKNESS! BUT WHY REVEAL IT AND RUIN MY SALE? HA, HA!
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MEANWHILE, CLARK KENT HEARS THE BAD NEWS FROM THE SCIENTISTS...
WE WERE WAITING FOR YOUR CALL, SUPERBOY! WHEN WE WENT TO PICK UP YOUR COSTUME, IT WAS MISSING!
GOLLY... I'LL HAVE TO SEARCH FOR IT AT ONCE! BUT FIRST I'LL NEED A SUBSTITUTE SUIT!
MOM KENT QUICKLY SOLVES THAT PROBLEM FOR HER FOSTER SON...
ALMOST DONE, CLARK! TRY IT ON...
IT'S ONLY ORDINARY CLOTH, OF COURSE, BUT IT'LL DO FOR THE SEARCH! USING SUPER-SPEED, I'LL FIND MY MISSING SUIT QUICKLY!
NO YOU WON'T, SUPERBOY-- FOR ELSEWHERE, "DOC" ELLISON CUNNINGLY GETS RID OF THE EVIDENCE...
SUPERBOY WILL NEVER PROVE I STOLE HIS COSTUME... THERE IT GOES IN A ROCKET! I ADDED BOOSTER CHARGES SO IT'LL REACH SPACE... AND KEEP GOING! HA, HA!
THUS, AWHILE LATER...
I'VE SEARCHED EVERYWHERE WITH MY X-RAY VISION, INCLUDING ALL CRIMINAL HIDEOUTS! WHERE ON EARTH CAN MY SUPER-SUIT BE?
IN THE MEANTIME, WHERE ONE OF "DOC'S" CUSTOMERS PREPARES TO PUT HIS PURCHASE TO USE AT THE SMALLVILLE ZOO...
HA, HA... THIS SUPER-SUIT WILL LET ME PULL A JOB I WOULDN'T DARE TRY OTHERWISE!
BANG
FIRST, I'LL LET THIS WILD TIGER OUT OF HIS CAGE...
GROWRRR
MILK

MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP, KITTY... YOU CAN'T SCRATCH OR BITE THROUGH MY SUPER-SUIT! HA, HA, HA!
BUT NOW YOU'LL CHASE ALL THE GUARDS AWAY FOR ME... WHILE I GO LOOT THE BOX-OFFICE!
TELESCOPIC VISION BRINGS SUPERBOY SWIFTLY TO THE RESCUE, PERFORMING AS USUAL--WITH ONE DIFFERENCE...
JEEPERS! GOT TO CLAP HIM BACK IN HIS CAGE QUICKLY, BEFORE HE RIPS MY UNIFORM TO SHREDS.
CHASING DOWN THE CRIMINAL, THE BOY OF STEEL MEETS ANOTHER SURPRISE...
GREAT SCOTT! MY BULLETS ONLY GLANCE OFF HIM!
GOSH, THAT IMITATION OF MY COSTUME IS A SUPER-SUIT!
SMALLVILLE ZOO
BANG BANG BANG
IN THAT CASE, I'LL JUST KNOT THE SLEEVES LIKE HANDCUFFS! BUT-- BUT WHERE DID YOU GET THIS SUPER-SUIT?
ALL RIGHT, I'LL TALK! "DOC" ELLISON ANALYZED YOUR COSTUME AND MADE SYNTHETIC SUITS THAT HE'S SELLING TO CROOKS! I GOT CAUGHT, BUT MAYBE MY PALS WON'T!
AT THE POLICE STATION, SUPERBOY MEETS WITH MORE TROUBLE...
WAIT... ARE YOU REALLY SUPERBOY? HAVE YOU ANY... ER POSITIVE IDENTIFICATION, FOR MY OFFICIAL REPORT?
NO WONDER HE'S PUZZLED... WITH THIS TORN COSTUME, I COULD EASILY BE AN IMPOSTOR!

THE BOY OF STEEL IDENTIFIES HIMSELF IN ANOTHER UNMISTAKABLE MANNER...
NOW I CAN GO NAB "DOC" ELLISON FOR STEALING MY SUIT!
CRUNCH
YOU--YOU CRUMPLED THE CROOK'S GUN IN YOUR BARE HANDS! YOU'RE SUPERBOY ALL RIGHT!
BUT UPON CONFRONTING THE CUNNING SCIENTIST...
WHAT SUPER-SUIT, SUPERBOY? YOU CAN'T HAUL ME TO JAIL WITHOUT EVIDENCE, YOU KNOW!
H-HE'S RIGHT... UNLESS I FIND THE COSTUME, HE GOES FREE! MERELY SELLING THE SYNTHETIC SUITS BEFORE WASN'T A CRIME!
RETURNING HOME, SUPERBOY'S WORRIES MULTIPLY...
MOM WILL MAKE ME A NEW COSTUME... BUT ELLISON SOLD SEVERAL OF THOSE SUITS! WHAT CRIMES CAN THE OTHER CROOKS BE PLANNING?
THE ANSWER COMES SOON, IN THE SMALLVILLE BANK...
THIS STATIC MACHINE SHOOTS OUT MILLION-VOLT ELECTRIC BOLTS! IT'LL CHASE EVERYONE OUT-- AND MELT THAT GUARD'S GUN!
AND AS SUPERBOY OBSERVES THE WOULD-BE ROBBER WITH HIS X-RAY VISION...
THE BOLTS CAN'T PENETRATE MY SUPER-SUIT AND NOBODY ELSE DARES COME IN! I CAN TAKE MY TIME... HA, HA!
HMMM... THAT LIGHTNING WOULD RUIN MY SUIT AND PUT MY IDENTITY IN QUESTION AGAIN! I'LL HAVE TO DEVISE A LIGHTNING-PROOF SUIT...
SHORTLY, AT A NEARBY JUNK YARD...
AFTER RIPPING THESE OLD INNER TUBES INTO STRIPS, I'LL USE SUPER-PRESSURE TO FUSE THE EDGES TOGETHER! THERE'S ENOUGH PAINT IN THOSE CANS TO COLOR IT!
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WITHIN SECONDS...
THERE... MY RUBBER SUIT IS DONE! NOW FOR A "BOUNCING" START INTO THE AIR AND OVER TO THE BANK!
SMALLVILLE JUNK YARD
ABRUPTLY...
YIPES... SUPERBOY!
LOANS
RUBBER IS AN INSULATOR AGAINST ELECTRICITY, SAVING THIS SUIT FROM RUIN! AFTER I SMASH THE STATIC MACHINE, I'LL TAKE YOU TO JAIL!
BUT WHEN TELESCOPIC VISION CHECKS ON THE NEXT SUPER-SUITED CROOK...
FLAMES CAN'T HURT ME, SO I'LL ROB THIS SILVER-SMELTING PLANT!
HMM... MY RUBBER SUIT WOULD BURN THERE! I'LL HAVE TO DISCARD IT FOR A NEW ONE...
PRESENTLY...
WITH THIS ASBESTOS SUIT, IT'S NO PROBLEM AT ALL!
OTHER BRAZEN CRIMES FOLLOW, FORCING THE BOY OF STEEL TO MAKE ONE COSTUME CHANGE AFTER ANOTHER...
THAT DYNAMITE HE'S EXPLODING WOULD HAVE BLOWN MY ASBESTOS SUIT APART... BUT NOT THIS STEEL ONE!
HAD TO SHIFT FROM STEEL TO A WAX SUIT, IN THIS ACID-MAKING PLANT HE ROBBED!
ACID
FREEZING WOULD MAKE WAX BRITTLE, CAUSING IT TO SHATTER APART... SO I SWITCHED TO A FUR SUIT!
DEEP FREEZE STORAGE
RARE WONDER DRUGS
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BUT THE FINAL SUPER-SUITED GANGSTER TAKES ONE EXTRA PRECAUTION...
WITH THE SUPER-SUIT, AND SUPER-HOOD, I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE POLICE SHOOTING AT ME... AND THIS KRYPTONITE I'VE BEEN SAVING WILL KEEP SUPERBOY FAR AWAY!
SMALLVILLE HOSPITAL
INDEED, WHEN THE BOY OF STEEL SPOTS HIM FROM AFAR...
GOLLY! HE'S STEALING A CONTAINER OF PRECIOUS RADIUM FROM SMALLVILLE HOSPITAL... AND HE'S GOT SOME KRYPTONITE, THE ONLY SUBSTANCE IN THE UNIVERSE THAT CAN WEAKEN ME!
NO SPECIAL SUIT CAN HELP ME THIS TIME UNLESS... WAIT! SMALL HOLES ARE EATEN OUT IN THIS ONE! THEN THE SUITS HAVE ONE FLAW... BUT WHAT SUBSTANCE DID IT?
SILVER CRIME
ACID CRIME
ZOO CRIME
"AH!... NOW I REMEMBER! WHEN I FIRST SPOTTED THAT CROOK AT THE ZOO, THE TIGER WAS SPLASHING MILK ON HIS SUIT!"
MILK
MILK CAN DESTROY THE SYNTHETIC SUITS... BUT I STILL CAN'T GET NEAR THAT KRYPTONITE--SO I'LL HAVE TO DO THE JOB WITH A GIANT STRAW!
SMALLVILLE DAIRY EDITING PLANT
AFTER CONSTRUCTING HIS UNIQUE WEAPON...
NOW TO SPLASH THE MILK ALL OVER HIM! LIKE A STRONG ACID, IT'LL EAT AWAY HIS SUPER-SUIT!
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AND IN THE NEXT INSTANT...
YIPES! M-MY SUIT TURNED TO RAGS! I MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP!
AND WE'LL DISPOSE OF THAT KRYPTONITE FOR SUPERBOY!
LATER...
WELL--I CAUGHT ALL THE CROOKS, BUT I STILL CAN'T NAB "DOC" ELLISON WITHOUT MY ORIGINAL SUIT AS EVIDENCE! WAIT... I HAVE AN IDEA!
SOON, BACK AT THE CRIME SCIENTIST'S HIDEOUT...
READY FOR JAIL? I FOUND MY SUPER-SUIT!
PAH! YOU ONLY FITTED ONE OF MY SYNTHETIC SUITS DOWN TO YOUR SIZE! THIS MILK WILL TURN IT TO RAGS... HA, HA!
HUH--? IT--IT WASN'T HARMED! THEN YOU DID FIND YOUR SUIT IN THAT SPACE ROCKET!
NO, I DIDN'T... BUT THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION! I TRICKED YOU INTO TELLING ME THE TRUTH!
"THIS IS A CROOK'S SUPER-SUIT! BUT BEFORE I SHOWED UP, I SECRETLY BORED UP INTO YOUR HIDEOUT, AND..."
I'LL FIX THE FLOOR AGAIN... AFTER I SWITCH HIS MILK FOR A BOTTLE OF WHITE LIMEWATER!
THUS, AFTER A SEARCH OF SPACE AT SUPER-SPEED...
THE ROCKET HOLDING MY MISSING SUIT! THIS WILL BE THE EVIDENCE TO PUT ELLISON BEHIND BARS, WHERE HE BELONGS!
AND SO, FINALLY, WHEN CLARK KENT ADDS ANOTHER TROPHY TO HIS SUPERBOY SOUVENIR COLLECTION...
NOW I CAN PUT THEM AWAY AND REDUCE MY WARDROBE TO WHAT IT WAS BEFORE... THE ONE AND ONLY SUPER-SUIT!
THE END.
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BUZZY'S "FAMOUS BOOKS" Quiz

(ANSWERS IN LAST PANEL)

THE ANSWERS...
READ UPSIDE DOWN

1. "TREASURE ISLAND"
by ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

2. PIPPI *in* "PIPPI LONGSTOCKING"
by ASTRID LINDGREN

3. "THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER"
by MARK TWAIN

4. "THE BLACK STALLION"
by WALTER FARLEY

5. JO MARCH *in* "LITTLE WOMEN"
by LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

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SHORTY
SHORTY, WILL YOU GIVE ME A HAND PAINTING MY HOUSE?
SURE!
HMM - NOT MUCH PAINT LEFT!
SWISH
TAKE IT EASY, SHORTY. WHAT'S THE BIG RUSH?
I'M TRYING TO GET THROUGH BEFORE THE PAINT GIVES OUT!
END

SUPERBOY

The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN WHEN HE WAS A BOY

AN ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE DIES AND NAMES CLARK KENT THE HEIR TO MILLIONS! BUT **WHICH** CLARK KENT? FOR THERE ARE HUNDREDS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY! AND EVEN AFTER A CAREFUL SEARCH NARROWS THE HUNT DOWN TO ONLY **FIVE** POSSIBLE HEIRS, THE RIGHT ONE **STILL** CAN'T BE FOUND. BUT THEN THE **BOY OF STEEL** PUTS BRAINS AND BRAWN TOGETHER TO MAKE THE SURPRISING DISCOVERY OF--

THE SIXTH CLARK KENT

ESTATE MANAGEMENT J. RETWELL LAWYER

WHO ARE ALL THESE PEOPLE? I SAID CLARK KENT WAS THE HEIR TO BAKER'S FORTUNE, NO ONE ELSE!

AND THESE MALES I'VE BROUGHT FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY ARE **ALL** NAMED CLARK KENT, BUT NOT ONE OF THEM CAN **POSSIBLY** BE THE RIGHT HEIR!

TWO SURPRISE VISITORS STOP AT THE SMALLVILLE HOME OF YOUNG CLARK KENT, ONE DAY...

CLARK KENT, WE BELIEVE YOU MAY BE THE HEIR OF WEALTHY PHINEAS BAKER WHO DIED HERE IN SMALLVILLE LAST WEEK.

I? BUT I HARDLY KNEW MR. BAKER, THERE'S SOME MISTAKE.

LISTEN! BAKER'S LAST WILL READS: "WHILE AT SEA, THE METAL FROM CLARK KENT'S HEAD SAVED MY LIFE AND I THEREFORE LEAVE HIM MY FORTUNE. THE CIRCUMSTANCES ARE THIS. I--" BUT FIRE ACCIDENTALLY DESTROYED THE REST. STILL, THE INTENT IS CLEAR!

AS TO THE METAL FROM YOUR HEAD, DON'T YOU OWN GLASSES WITH METAL FRAMES BESIDES THOSE HORN RIMS YOU'RE NOW WEARING?
NO... AND EVEN THOUGH I DID ONCE TRAVEL ON THE SAME BOAT AS MR. BAKER...
AHA! THEN YOU JUST DON'T RECALL HOW YOU SAVED HIM. ALSO, SINCE BAKER'S FROM SMALLVILLE, TOO, YOU MUST BE THE CLARK KENT HE MEANS. BUT-- IF YOU'LL COME ALONG, WE CAN CHECK ONE IMPORTANT DETAIL.
VERY WELL, IF IT'LL HELP YOU ANY.
PRESENTLY, AT THE MEDICAL CENTER OFFICE NEARBY...
AS A RESULT OF SOME ACCIDENT IN YOUR YOUTH, THERE MAY BE A METALLIC SPLINTER IN YOUR HEAD. BUT IF THIS X-RAY FINDS NO SUCH FRAGMENT, WE'LL GO ON TO CHECK THE FOUR OTHERS WE SCREENED FROM ALL THE CLARK KENTS IN THE COUNTRY.
OH-OH... THAT X-RAY WON'T PENETRATE MY INVULNERABLE BODY, AND THEY'LL KNOW I'M SUPERBOY!
SO, CLARK TRAINS HIS OWN X-RAY VISION ON A VITAL PART OF THE MACHINE...
GENTLEMEN--S-SOMETHING'S BURNED OUT THE MECHANISM. WE'LL HAVE TO POSTPONE THIS EXAMINATION A DAY TILL IT'S FIXED.
THAT'LL GIVE ME TIME, AS SUPERBOY, TO FIND THE RIGHT CLARK KENT!
SHORTLY AFTER, IN CLARK'S SECRET IDENTITY OF THE BOY OF STEEL...
MY X-RAY VISION ALSO SPOTTED THAT LIST OF CLARK KENTS IN ONE OF THE LAWYERS' POCKETS. THE FIRST ONE WORKS WAY OFF IN CHESTERTON IN A STEEL MILL. HE'S A FORMER WAR HERO, TOO.
PRESENTLY, AT THE STEEL MILL...
AMAZING! THOSE INGOTS DON'T EVEN AFFECT YOU. YES, MY NAME IS CLARK KENT. BUT A PIECE OF STEEL SHRAPNEL I GOT IN MY HEAD DURING THE WAR HAS CAUSED A PARTIAL AMNESIA. SO I CAN'T SAY WHETHER I EVER KNEW PHINEAS BAKER OR NOT!

UNFORTUNATELY, NO X-RAY MACHINE CAN SHOW THE SHRAPNEL CLEAR ENOUGH THROUGH THE HEAVY SKULL BONES, SO DOCTORS CAN'T OPERATE ON ME!
BUT THAT METAL IN YOUR HEAD MAY MEAN YOU'RE BAKER'S HEIR. WELL, WE'LL SEE, AFTER I HELP YOU GET THAT OPERATION!
LATER, AT THE CHESTERTON HOSPITAL...
YOUR X-RAY VISION'S SO POWERFUL, IT'LL SURELY FIND THE SHRAPNEL AND WE'LL BE ABLE TO OPERATE. BUT MR. KENT WON'T BE ABLE TO TALK TILL TWELVE HOURS AFTER THE OPERATION!
THEN I'LL HAVE TO STOP BACK LATER, DOCTOR.
AFTER LOCATING THE METAL FRAGMENT FOR THE SURGEONS, SUPERBOY LEAVES THE HOSPITAL...
WHILE WAITING FOR THAT OPERATION TO RESTORE HIS MEMORY, I CAN CHECK CLARK KENT NUMBER THREE, A HOBO WHO USUALLY CAMPS OUT IN THESE WOODS NEAR THE RAILROAD HERE.
SOON AFTER...
WHAT'S THAT, SUPERBOY? CAN HARDLY HEAR YOU. THIS HEARING AID OF MINE'S JUST ABOUT WORN OUT. EARS WENT BAD TWO YEARS AGO; BEEN UNABLE TO WORK EVER SINCE.
THEN MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU OUT!
HMM... THAT HEARING AID MIGHT BE THE "METAL IN HIS HEAD."
EH? W-WHAT'S THIS? WHERE YOU TAKING ME?
TOO MUCH TROUBLE EXPLAINING NOW. BUT HE MIGHT HEAR A LOT BETTER AFTER A FEW LOOPS THROUGH HIGH ALTITUDES. DEAF PLANE PASSENGERS OCCASIONALLY RECOVER THEIR HEARING WHEN A PLANE TAKES A SUDDEN DIP IN AN AIR POCKET!
HOW DO YOU FEEL NOW, MR. KENT?
NO NEED TO SHOUT AT ME SO. I HEAR YOU CLEAR ENOUGH--I--I--SAY!! MY HEARING! IT--IT'S COME BACK! IT--IT'S LIKE A MIRACLE!

AFTERWARDS...
WISH I DID KNOW THIS PHINEAS BAKER SUPERBOY ASKED ME ABOUT, SO I COULD REPAY HIM FOR RESTORING MY HEARING. WELL, NOW THAT I CAN GO BACK TO MY OLD TRADE OF PIANO-TUNING. I RECKON THIS IS GOODBYE, MATES.
THE METAL FROM HIS HEAD MUST'VE BEEN THAT HEARING AID, BUT HE STILL WASN'T THE RIGHT CLARK KENT. LET'S SEE NOW... DURING THE DAY, CLARK KENT NUMBER FOUR IS TO BE FOUND AT AN ADDRESS IN NORTHBURG. I'LL CHECK THERE.
PRESENTLY...
MRS. WILLIAMS? I'M AFRAID I GOT A WRONG ADDRESS. OBVIOUSLY THERE ARE NO MEN HERE, AND I'M LOOKING FOR A MAN BY THE NAME OF CLARK KENT.
MY GOODNESS! OF COURSE HE'S HERE, SUPERBOY.
MRS. WILLIAMS DAY NURSERY
THIS IS CLARK KENT. AND HE WILL BE A MAN SOMEDAY. WON'T YOU, CLARK? SAY "HELLO" TO SUPERBOY. DEAR--DEAR, HE CAN SPEAK SOME, BUT HE NEVER LETS GO OF THAT SILVER TEETHING RING SO YOU CAN UNDERSTAND HIM!
OGGLE-- GUB!
ANOTHER FALSE LEAD, AND SO...
CLARK KENT--A BABY! WAS I SURPRISED! METAL FROM HIS HEAD WAS THAT TEETHING RING, BUT HE'D HARDLY HAVE BEEN ABLE TO SAVE BAKER'S LIFE OUT AT SEA. MEANWHILE, TIME'S RUNNING OUT. I'D BETTER HURRY ON TO CLARK KENT NUMBER FIVE!
ONE HOUR LATER AND MANY MILES FURTHER AWAY...
CLARK KENT? SURE, HE DID WORK FOR THIS CIRCUS 'TILL TODAY. WAS OUR SWORD-SWALLOWER. BUT POOR ATTENDANCE BY THE PUBLIC HAS FORCED US TO CUT COSTS. HAD TO FIRE HIM. THAT'S HIS TRAILER THERE!
A SWORD-SWALLOWER? THEN A SWORD MIGHT BE THE "METAL IN HIS HEAD." I'LL LOOK HIM UP.
SHOWS
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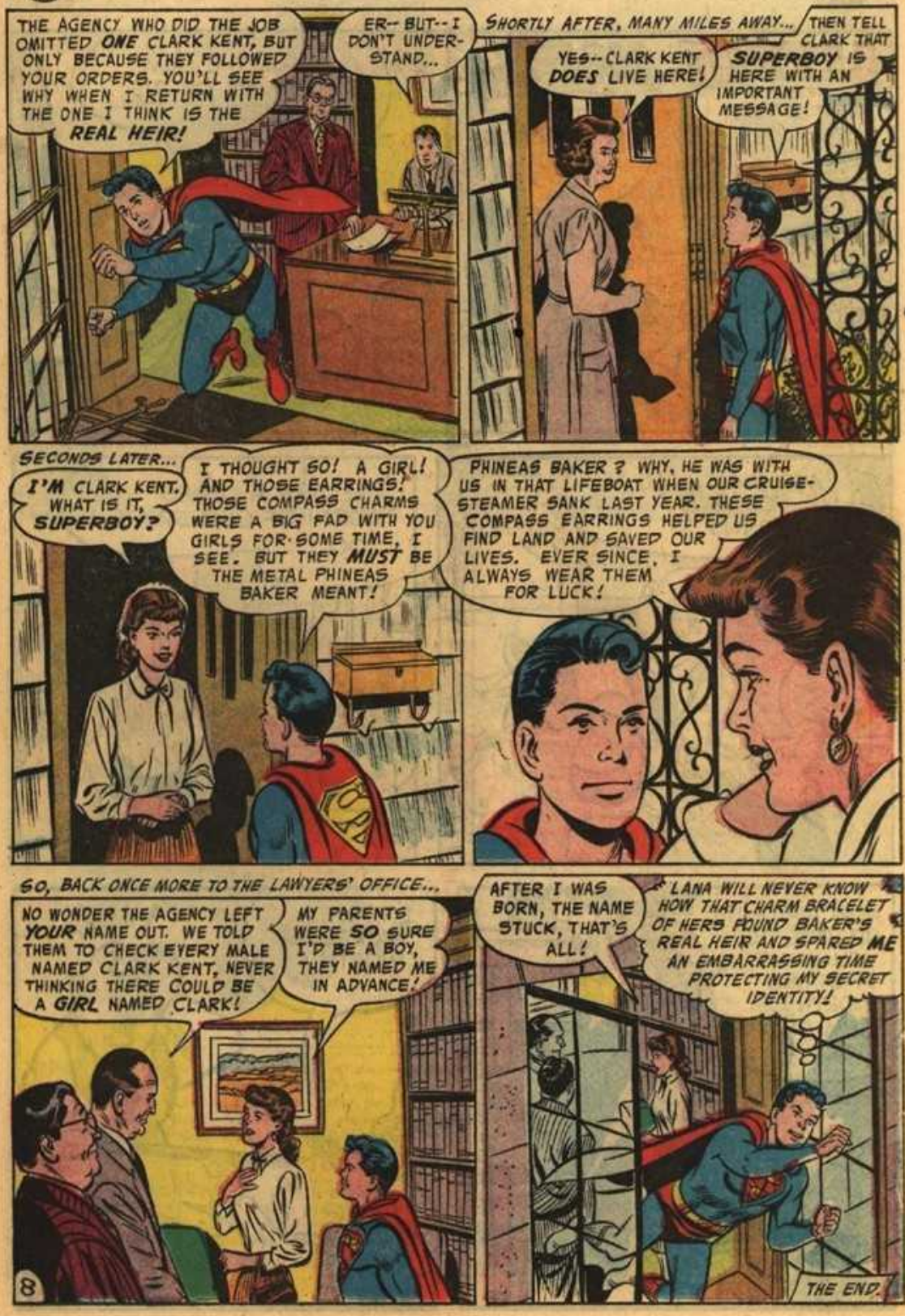
AS SUPERBOY ENTERS THE TRAILER...
CLARK KENT? THAT'S ME, SUPERBOY. AND THIS IS MY MA AND PA. THEY DON'T MAKE MUCH AT THE ODD JOBS THEY DO FOR THE CIRCUS, NOW, WITHOUT MY SALARY, IT'LL BE ROUGH ON THEM.
MA AND PA KENT! MAKES ME THINK OF MY OWN FAMILY.
YOU AND YOUR FOLKS REMIND ME SO MUCH--ER--THAT IS--I FEEL SPECIALLY INTERESTED IN YOUR PROBLEM. WE'RE THE SAME AGE AND... I WONDER. IF YOU COULD DO SOME SENSATIONAL STUFF-- LIKE SWALLOWING THIS SPEAR, YOU MIGHT KEEP YOUR JOB!
SEE? A SUPER-SWALLOWING ACT LIKE THIS MIGHT BE A TERRIFIC ATTRACTION FOR THE PUBLIC AND BRING IN MORE MONEY THAN THEY'D EVER SAVE BY FIRING YOU!
G-GOSH, SUPERBOY. THAT'S GREAT! BUT HOW COULD I EVER CHEW UP A SPEAR AND EAT IT, THE WAY YOU'RE DOING?
WITH ME HERE, IT CAN BE DONE. JUST ONCE! A SENSATIONAL NEVER-TO-BE-REPEATED ACT. BUT FIRST, I'LL HAVE TO DYE MY HAIR RED, LIKE YOURS. NOW-- IF YOU'LL FETCH ME SOME FACE PUTTY...
YOU MEAN -- YOU'LL TAKE MY PLACE? G-GOSH!
THAT EVENING...
THESE ARE TO GO UP ALL AROUND TOWN. THE BOSS SAID IF THE KID'S WILLING TO KNOCK HIMSELF OUT TRYING AND PAY FOR THE POSTERS IF HIS ACT FLOPS, HE'S WILLING TO GIVE HIM A CHANCE!
YEAH-- BUT HOW SPECIAL CAN A SWORD-SWALLOWING ACT GET?
CIRCUS
Most Colossal SWORD-SWALLOWING ACT in the WORLD
A CHANCE TO WATCH THE IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE ONE AND ONLY TIME!
CIRCUS TONIGHT FAIRGROUNDS
SPECIAL ENOUGH TO MAKE THE BIG TENT RESOUND WITH APPLAUSE AS, LATER THAT EVENING, BEFORE AN OVERFLOW CROWD...
I CHEWED UP THOSE SIX-FOOT SWORDS, FOLKS. BUT I CAN'T STAND THE FLAVOR OF THESE HILTS. INSTEAD, I PROMISE TO FINISH EVERY BIT OF THAT OLD ARMY TANK THAT TASTES JUST LIKE CANDY TO ME!
5

AS THE DISGUISED BOY OF STEEL PROCEEDS TO EAT HIS WAY THROUGH THE HEAVY ARMORED VEHICLE...
I KNOW THAT TANK IS REAL. HOW DOES HE DO IT?
FUNNY! HERE, I'M APPEARING AS CLARK KENT AND PUBLICLY DOING SUPERBOY STUNTS WITHOUT FEAR OF EXPOSING MY OWN IDENTITY AS CLARK KENT!
LATER, BACK IN THE TRAILER...
YOU--YOU WERE TERRIFIC! BUT, GOSH, SUPERBOY, YOU NEVER DID SAY WHY YOU CAME HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE.
GREAT SCOTT! I--I HAD SUCH A--ER--PERSONAL INTEREST IN HELPING YOU, I ALMOST FORGOT. AND TIME'S RUNNING OUT!
AS SUPERBOY EXPLAINS HIS VISIT TO THE LAST CLARK KENT ON HIS LIST...
NO, SUPERBOY, I NEVER EVEN HEARD OF PHINEAS BAKER!
THEN--I'D BETTER HURRY! AND GOOD LUCK, YOU, TOO, MA AND PA KENT! I'VE GOT ONE MORE SLIM CHANCE TO FIND MY MAN!
SO BACK TO THE HOSPITAL AND CLARK KENT NUMBER TWO AGAIN...
THANKS TO YOU, SUPERBOY, THE OPERATION WAS A SUCCESS. MY MEMORY IS CLEAR NOW AND I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW THIS PHINEAS BAKER YOU MENTION.
OH-H! THAT ENDS MY LAST HOPE! NOW WHAT?
SO, BACK HOME TO SMALLVILLE WHERE SUPERBOY RESUMES HIS OWN CLARK KENT IDENTITY JUST AS...
TWO LAWYERS TO SEE YOU, CLARK. SAID SOMETHING ABOUT AN X-RAY MACHINE BEING FIXED.
ER--BETTER SAY I'M OUT FOR NOW, MA.
LAND SAKES! IT'LL BE TRUE ENOUGH, SAYING HE'S OUT, THE WAY HE TOOK OFF THROUGH THAT WINDOW. WONDER WHAT'S WORRYING THE BOY? WELL, HE'LL TELL ME WHEN HE'S READY, I'M SURE.
G

SHORTLY AFTER, AS HE CUTS THROUGH BACK YARDS TO AVOID THE LAWYERS, LANA LANG HAILS HIM...
PUTTING THAT X-RAY MACHINE OUT OF COMMISSION AGAIN WOULD ROUSE SUSPICION. AND THEY INSIST ON TESTING ME BECAUSE THEY FEEL THE RIGHT CLARK KENT MUST BE IN SMALLVILLE, EVEN THOUGH THEY SCREENED EVERY OTHER CLARK KENT IN THE COUNTRY!
HI, CLARK!
ER--HI, LANA!
LOOK! REMEMBER MY TELLING YOU I SENT FOR ONE OF THESE CHARM BRACELETS THAT'S BEEN SUCH A FAD LATELY? IT FINALLY CAME, COMPLETE WITH ANIMALS, COMPASSES, DANCER--AND DETACHABLE, TOO, SO I CAN WEAR THEM AS EARRINGS!
WAIT! SAY THAT AGAIN! ABOUT THESE BEING EARRINGS, TOO. AND THE COMPASSES WORK, DON'T THEY? IF A MAN WERE LOST AT SEA, HE COULD EVEN STEER BY THEM--RIGHT? VERY INTERESTING, LANA. ER--EXCUSE ME. MUST HURRY!
LEAVING LANA ABRUPTLY, CLARK SWITCHES, AND SOON AFTER, AT A NATIONAL DIRECTORY CENTER OF THE PHONE COMPANY...
DIRECTORIES CITIES AND TOWNS
THOSE LAWYERS MUST'VE HIRED AN AGENCY TO CHECK EVERY MAN NAMED CLARK KENT WITHOUT TELLING THE AGENCY WHY. OR THEY'D HAVE BEEN SWAMPED WITH FALSE CLAIMS TO BAKER'S FORTUNE. BUT LANA GAVE ME THE CLUE I NEEDED.
OMAHA
CLEVELAND
PITTSBURGH
AFTER THE BOY OF STEEL SCANS EVERY PHONE BOOK IN THE COUNTRY WITH SUPER-SPEED...
I'VE MEMORIZED THE NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF ALL CLARK KENTS IN THE NATION. NOW TO CHECK MY LIST AGAINST THE LAWYERS' LIST AND SEE IF I'M RIGHT ABOUT ONE CLARK KENT HAVING BEEN LEFT OUT!
PRESENTLY, AT THE LAWYERS' OFFICE...
I TALKED TO CLARK KENT HERE IN SMALLVILLE, AND I'M SURE HE'S NOT BAKER'S HEIR. AS FOR THESE FOUR WITH METAL AROUND THEIR HEADS THAT WERE SCREENED FROM THE ORIGINAL LIST--FORGET THEM. I'VE A BETTER PROSPECT.


THE AGENCY WHO DID THE JOB OMITTED ONE CLARK KENT, BUT ONLY BECAUSE THEY FOLLOWED YOUR ORDERS. YOU'LL SEE WHY WHEN I RETURN WITH THE ONE I THINK IS THE REAL HEIR!
ER-- BUT-- I DON'T UNDERSTAND...
SHORTLY AFTER, MANY MILES AWAY...
YES-- CLARK KENT DOES LIVE HERE!
THEN TELL CLARK THAT SUPERBOY IS HERE WITH AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE!
SECONDS LATER...
I'M CLARK KENT. WHAT IS IT, SUPERBOY?
I THOUGHT SO! A GIRL! AND THOSE EARRINGS! THOSE COMPASS CHARMS WERE A BIG FAD WITH YOU GIRLS FOR SOME TIME, I SEE. BUT THEY MUST BE THE METAL PHINEAS BAKER MEANT!
PHINEAS BAKER? WHY, HE WAS WITH US IN THAT LIFEBOAT WHEN OUR CRUISE-STEAMER SANK LAST YEAR. THESE COMPASS EARRINGS HELPED US FIND LAND AND SAVED OUR LIVES. EVER SINCE, I ALWAYS WEAR THEM FOR LUCK!
SO, BACK ONCE MORE TO THE LAWYERS' OFFICE...
NO WONDER THE AGENCY LEFT YOUR NAME OUT. WE TOLD THEM TO CHECK EVERY MALE NAMED CLARK KENT, NEVER THINKING THERE COULD BE A GIRL NAMED CLARK!
MY PARENTS WERE SO SURE I'D BE A BOY, THEY NAMED ME IN ADVANCE!
AFTER I WAS BORN, THE NAME STUCK, THAT'S ALL!
LANA WILL NEVER KNOW HOW THAT CHARM BRACELET OF HERS FOUND BAKER'S REAL HEIR AND SPARED ME AN EMBARRASSING TIME PROTECTING MY SECRET IDENTITY!
THE END

LITTLE IMPS
WHAT'LL YOU BOYS HAVE?
I'LL TAKE A DIMES WORTH OF GUM DROPS!
OH DEAR, THE GUM DROPS ARE ON THE TOP SHELF!
AND WHAT WILL YOU HAVE, SONNY?
I'LL TAKE A DIMES WORTH OF GUM DROPS, TOO!
NOW WHILE I'M UP HERE DO YOU WANT A DIMES WORTH OF GUM DROPS, TOO?
NO SIR!
I WANT A NICKEL'S WORTH!

JERRY
the JITTERBUG
SEEING THE HISTORIC SITES OF AMERICA WILL BROADEN YOU, MY BOY!
THIS IS THE POTOMAC RIVER!
HERE IS WHERE WASHINGTON THREW A DOLLAR ACROSS THE RIVER!
THAT WASN'T SO REMARKABLE!
WHY WASN'T IT REMARKABLE?
BECAUSE A DOLLAR WENT MUCH FURTHER IN THOSE DAYS THAN IT DOES NOW!
END

ADVERTISEMENT

They're Number 1 on my Christmas List!

WINCHESTER Roller Skates

Made by the Makers of World-Famous Winchester Firearms

They skate as good as they look—and last longer, too!

Signed

PARENTS: Winchester Roller Skates are quality constructed throughout. Electronically welded, non-riveted foot and heel plates; strong horizontal girders, all of extra heavy steel, give extra wear. New 20-ball bearing rubber safety wheels give added strength and protection at all speeds—available only on Winchester skates. Extra large toe clamps, full grained leather straps, with red Vinyl ankle pads on #50 Standard and #60 Deluxe models.

Ask to see Model #60 Deluxe—the first sidewalk skate ever to be equipped with rubber wheels plus double ball bearings! Or the steel wheeled #50 Standard with double ball bearings and red dust caps, and the #40 Leader Junior skate. Special new Tot-Tailored line, Models #10, #20, #30 are perfect for younger children.

BOYS AND GIRLS, HERE'S YOUR BEST WAY TO GET A PAIR OF FAST ROLLIN' WINCHESTER SKATES THIS CHRISTMAS!

JUST CUT ALONG THE DOTTED LINE, AND SIGN YOUR NAME TO THIS SPECIAL "PARENTS REMINDER". PIN IT TO YOUR CHRISTMAS LIST, OR PUT IT WHEREVER YOU ARE SURE MOTHER AND DAD WILL FIND IT. WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES, MAYBE YOU'LL HAVE A PAIR OF GENUINE FAST ROLLING WINCHESTER SKATES JUST LIKE OURS.

GOOD LUCK AND A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL! Wings and Winnie Winchester

Winchester-Western Division
Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation
New Haven 4, Connecticut

PARTNERS IN PERIL

"THE water's very rough. Maybe you'd better wait until tomorrow before you go down," said Mr. Hale, boss of the outfit that explored the ocean depths for oil deposits.

"Maybe," said Clint Murdock.

"That fellow from the company which hired us to do this job should be here soon. He'll be mighty disappointed, not going down with you. But we've got to think of safety first."

"Isn't that him?" asked Clint, pointing to a lean young man, approaching. "Biff Colby!" he added, with an exclamation, as he recognized him.

"Clint Murdock!" cried the stranger.

"You two know each other?" asked Mr. Hale.

The two men eyed each other silently and nodded. Neither volunteered further information, except Clint said, "We were in the Navy together." During their three years' service, each had tried to outdo the other, whether it was in competing for promotions or the lightweight boxing championship.

"I was just telling Clint before you came that the water was very rough, and—" began Mr. Hale.

"We're going down," snapped Clint. "That is, if our guest feels equal to it."

"What are we waiting for?" asked Biff in a mocking tone.

The pair entered the bathysphere, which soon was lowered into the water. "I examine the terrain, caves, and traps in preparation for the divers, who later come down with oil testing equipment," explained Clint, curtly. The bathysphere bobbled along the bottom. "The tide's raising quite a mess. We may get knocked around like a Ping-pong ball. Want to go back up?" he added.

"I never quit when the going gets rough. You ought to know that," Biff replied, wryly.

Clint prepared his charts and instruments. The two-way radio from their surface craft crackled: "This is Hale. Rough sea is interfering with our operation of your air line. Advise you to ascend!"

Biff's eyes were challenge enough. Clint snapped off the radio. The two men stared through the bolted window. Fish swam hastily by, as though seeking some refuge. Seaweed and underwater shrubs, wrenched from the ground by fiercely running water, tumbled by. For a long time, only the soft hiss of the incoming air was heard. And then, suddenly, all was quiet.

It was Biff who first noticed it. "Getting hot, isn't it?"

Clint listened sharply. "The air hose is out."

"They must know that upstairs. They'll pull us up. Try the radio."

But Clint was doing just that already. "It's conked out, too."

"Well, what do we do now? We can't just sit—" he began, but never finished. Abruptly, the bathysphere lurched crazily and began to roll. "Good gravy!" he cried, trying to grasp something to prevent his falling. "What's happened now?"

"The cable broke!" shouted Clint. "We'll have to get out through the escape hatch!"

With the giant runaway ball skidding pell-mell over the ocean floor, Clint crawled clumsily to the escape hatch switch. He pulled . . . but it wouldn't budge. "It . . . it's stuck! We must've rammed into something!" he gasped. The oxygen within the sphere was running low.

"Let me . . . let me give you a hand," Biff managed to say.

He reached Clint's side on his knees, straightened himself and grasped the switch. "Okay, chum, let's try it together!"

They pulled down, jaws tightened, knotted muscles on their arms about to burst. And slowly, with intolerable slowness, the lever began to budge.

"It's open! Quick now, Biff, through the hatch!" cried Clint.

"After you."

"You give the orders upstairs. But I'm the skipper down here. Get going, Biff!"

Minutes later, they surfaced, and were drawn aboard. Inhaling the fresh air, each reflected over their brush with death. "I suppose there's another bathysphere back on land," said Biff.

Mr. Hale nodded.

"We'll go down again when the water is calm," Biff went on.

"Sure," said Clint, noting the smile on Biff and grinning back. "Nothing can stop us, pal."

SUPERBOY
The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN WHEN HE WAS A BOY
CAN YOU IMAGINE SUPERBOY SPENDING A WHOLE DAY WITHOUT SAYING A SINGLE WORD? WHY DOES THE BOY OF STEEL KEEP MUM, UNABLE TO SPEAK ALOUD? WHY DOES HE, INSTEAD, DEVISE SUPER-MESSAGES FOR PEOPLE TO READ? YOU'LL LEARN THE ANSWER IN THIS AMAZING ADVENTURE OF...
THE SILENT SUPERBOY
MRS. JONES! YOUR BABY IS CRYING UPSTAIRS!
LAND SAKES, SUPERBOY! WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST TELL ME INSTEAD OF MAKING A SIGN?
I...I CAN'T SPEAK ALOUD, NOT EVEN IN A WHISPER! I MUST REMAIN MUTE FOR 24 HOURS!
RETURNING FROM AN OUT-OF-TOWN MISSION, ONE MORNING, SMALLVILLE'S MOST FAMOUS CITIZEN REACTS STRANGELY TO ALL WHO GREET HIM...
HELLO, SUPERBOY! WHY... HE FLEW PAST WITHOUT EVEN ANSWERING!
THAT ISN'T LIKE SUPERBOY TO SNUB US!
LITTLE DO THEY SUSPECT THE THOUGHTS COURSING THROUGH THE BOY OF STEEL'S BRAIN...
I--I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF! I'LL HAVE THE RADIO STATION BROADCAST A MESSAGE, EXPLAINING TO MY PUZZLED FRIENDS AROUND TOWN THAT I DIDN'T SNUB THEM!
SMALLVILLE RADIO STATION

IN THE STUDIO, AN EVEN STRANGER ACTION OCCURS...
WHY ARE YOU WRITING OUT A MESSAGE, SUPERBOY? CAN'T YOU JUST TELL IT TO ME?
HE'LL UNDERSTAND IN A MOMENT!
AND SOON, A STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT GOES OUT OVER THE AIR...
ATTENTION, SMALLVILLE! A NEW TYPE OF H-BOMB EXPERIMENT HAS SENSITIZED THE ATMOSPHERE TO SUPERBOY'S VOICE, SO THAT HE IS UNABLE TO SPEAK!
TO DEMONSTRATE WHY, SUPERBOY WILL HAVE A CAMERAMAN PHOTOGRAPH THE RESULTS OF ANY SOUND WAVE HE CREATES!
DICKSON
IN A DESERTED AREA OUTSIDE TOWN, SUPERBOY WHISPERS A SINGLE WORD-- HIS VOCAL VIBRATIONS HAVE A GRIM EFFECT...
GREAT SCOTT! AN EARTHQUAKE RESULTED! NO WONDER HE DIDN'T DARE GREET ANYBODY IN TOWN!
HELLO!
CRACK CRASH RUMBLE
AFTER THE FILM HAS BEEN SHOWN AROUND SMALLVILLE...
NOW NOBODY WILL BE INSULTED WHEN I DON'T SPEAK TO THEM! I'LL BRING THE FILM HOME AS A SOUVENIR!
ONLY HIS FOSTER PARENTS, MARTHA AND JONATHAN KENT, EVER SEE SUPERBOY CHANGE BACK TO HIS EVERDAY GUISE OF CLARK KENT...
WE HEARD THE RADIO BROADCAST, SON! HOW LONG WILL YOU REMAIN SPEECHLESS BEFORE THE ATMOSPHERIC CONDITION CLEARS UP?

INSTEAD OF WRITING A MESSAGE, I'LL USE THIS ALPHABET SOUP TO SPELL OUT THE ANSWER AT SUPER-SPEED!
I'LL BE VOICELESS FOR 24 HOURS, MOM
LATER, AS CLARK PUTS THE "VOICEQUAKE" FILMS AMONG HIS MANY ODD SUPERBOY SOUVENIRS...
WELL, I GUESS LOSING MY VOICE FOR ONE DAY WON'T BOTHER ME TOO MUCH!
TELEPATH HELMET PRESENTED TO SUPERBOY OF EARTH FOR AIDING THE KING OF THE PLANET
IF ONLY CLARK KNEW HOW WRONG HE WAS! FOR AWHILE LATER, AS LANA LANG, HIS NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR, DROPS IN...
CLARK! HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS ABOUT SUPERBOY?
OH, NO! I SHOULD'VE REALIZED--THIS WAS BOUND TO HAPPEN!
WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER, CLARK?
I--I'LL HAVE TO WRITE HER A NOTE... AND THAT'S SURE TO AROUSE HER OLD SUSPICIONS!
INDEED, WHEN CLARK JOTS DOWN A REPLY...
HMM... SUPERBOY CAN'T TALK-- AND YOU HAVE "LARYNGITIS"! SOUNDS MIGHTY FISHY, CLARK!
Sorry, Lana I can't talk Guess you've heard about laryngitis Clark
IF YOU DON'T TALK UNTIL SUPERBOY DOES TOMORROW, I'LL KNOW THE TRUTH, CLARK! YOUR THROAT SHOULD BE BETTER BY TONIGHT!
GULP! WH-WHAT'LL I DO? MY SECRET IDENTITY IS AT STAKE NOW!
WAIT... I'VE GOT IT! LANA WILL HEAR ME TONIGHT-- YET I WON'T HAVE TO SAY A SINGLE WORD! WHEW! WHAT A RELIEF, WITH THAT PROBLEM SOLVED!
WHAT IS CLARK'S PLAN? CAN YOU GUESS?
3

SHORTLY AFTERWARD, AS TELESCOPIC VISION PICKS UP TROUBLE IN TOWN...
GOLLY... AN UNDERGROUND GAS MAIN IS LEAKING, OVER ON STATE STREET! THE PEOPLE THERE DON'T EVEN REALIZE IT!
THIS IS A JOB FOR SUPERBOY!
MOMENTS LATER...
BEFORE I FINISH REPAIRS, SOMEBODY MIGHT LIGHT A MATCH AND CAUSE AN EXPLOSION! SO I'LL WARN... OOPS, ALMOST FORGOT... I CAN'T SHOUT!
"DANGERTOWN" WITH LITA GASTON AND RUNYAN OTT
I COULD WRITE A MESSAGE TO PASS ALONG, EXCEPT THAT LANA MIGHT GET HOLD OF IT AND COMPARE THE HANDWRITING WITH CLARK'S NOTE! I'LL HAVE TO DO IT ANOTHER WAY, WITH THIS OLD PIPE...
DUMPING
WITHIN SECONDS, AT SUPER-SPEED, THE BOY OF STEEL CONTRIVES A MESSAGE FOR ALL TO SEE...
DANGER TOWN" WITH LITA GASTON AND RUNYAN OTT...
USING PEBBLES WITH THIS GIANT "BEANSHOOTER," I KNOCKED OUT CERTAIN LETTERS ON THAT THEATRE MARQUEE! I CAN FIX IT LATER!
LOOK, IT SAYS "DANGER... GAS... RUN!"

AND ONCE THE STREET HAS BEEN CLEARED...
NOW I CAN REPAIR THE BROKEN GAS PIPE WITHOUT WORRYING!
SWIFTLY FINISHING THE JOB, SUPERBOY SOON DISCOVERS ANOTHER EMERGENCY, AT SMALLVILLE STADIUM...
SECTION C... IT'S SAGGING! I MUST WARN THOSE PEOPLE NOT TO SIT DOWN, OR THEIR WEIGHT WILL MAKE IT COLLAPSE!
SEC-A
SEC-B
AGAIN, THE SILENT SUPERBOY MAKES A UNIQUE MESSAGE...
I'LL BORROW THESE GIANT LETTERS FROM THE CHEER LEADERS, AND TOSS THEM IN THE AIR!
SECTION C SEATS UNSAFE
THEN, WHILE THE SPECTATORS WAIT...
A FEW WELL-PLACED BEAMS, AND THE DANGER'S ELIMINATED! WHEW! DID I SAY THAT SILENCE WOULDN'T BE MUCH OF A HANDICAP? I HOPE THIS IS THE LAST SILENCE MISSION I'LL HAVE TO PERFORM!
A VAIN HOPE, SUPERBOY -- FOR A SHORT TIME LATER, WHILE PATROLLING THE WATERFRONT...
OH, OH... AN OIL SLICK ON THE WATER! SOME SHIP'S FUEL TANK IS LEAKING... BUT SO MANY EMBARK FROM THIS PORT, THERE MAY NOT BE TIME ENOUGH TO CHECK EACH ONE!
TO SOLVE THIS PROBLEM, SUPERBOY PROCURES A PAIR OF GIANT FLAGS, AND...
THIS SEMAPHORE MESSAGE WILL BE SEEN FOR MILES AROUND!
A-T-T-E-N-T-I-O-N
A-L-L S-H-I-P-S
C-H-E-C-K Y-O-U-R
F-U-E-L T-A-N-K-S
F-O-R L-E-A-K-S

BUT AN EVEN MORE DIFFICULT TEST AWAITS THE BOY OF STEEL BACK IN TOWN...
A LIVE WIRE... AND THAT BLIND MAN IS HEADING RIGHT TOWARD IT! HIS SEEING-EYE DOG DOESN'T REALIZE IT'S DANGEROUS!
I'LL SNATCH IT AWAY AND... OH, NO! THE DOG THINKS I'M ATTACKING HIS MASTER! I'LL HAVE TO GET OUT OF SIGHT BEFORE THAT ANGRY ANIMAL LEAPS AND TOUCHES THE WIRE!
GR-R-R-R
SINCE A BLIND MAN CAN'T READ ANY MESSAGE I MAKE, I'M FORCED TO BORROW ONE OF THE GADGETS IN THIS SCIENCE EXHIBIT! MUST MOVE FAST, THOUGH...
SCIENCE EXHIBIT
ONLY A SPLIT-SECOND LATER, SUPERBOY RETURNS WITH... THE TALKING ROBOT!
THESE PUSH-BUTTONS MAKE IT "SPEAK" ANY MESSAGE!
HALT... SIR...! BEFORE... YOU... STEP... ON... A... LIVE... WIRE!
WHAT--?
THAT PECULIAR VOICE--I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE IT! WHOM SHOULD I THANK FOR SAVING ME?
HE'LL NEVER KNOW... I CAN'T TELL HIM! GOLLY... CAN ANYTHING WORSE COME UP AFTER THIS?
A LOT WORSE CAN OCCUR, AS SUPERBOY SOON DISCOVERS, WHEN HE PURSUES TWO BANDITS TO THEIR HIDEOUT...
WHAT--? I--I'M BECOMING WEAK... HELPLESS!
HA, HA... WE WERE WAITIN' FOR YOU, SUPERBOY, WITH THET CHUNK OF KRYPTONITE WE FOUND IN A METEOR CRATER!
KRYPTONITE--THE SUBSTANCE FROM SUPERBOY'S NATIVE PLANET... HARMLESS TO EARTHMEN, BUT DEADLY TO THE BOY OF STEEL!
G

AND AS THE CRIMINALS TAKE OFF...
PEOPLE ARE PASSING RIGHT OUTSIDE THE WINDOW... YET I CAN'T CALL SOMEONE TO TAKE THE KRYPTONITE AWAY! I HAVE NO PAPER TO WRITE A MESSAGE, EITHER!
WAIT--THIS FIVE-DOLLAR BILL THEY DROPPED BEFORE... I CAN USE IT TO SEND A MESSAGE AFTER ALL!
WHAT IS SUPERBOY'S PLAN? CAN YOU GUESS?
WITH MY FINGERNAIL, I MADE IMPRESSIONS TO MARK MY MESSAGE! NOW--LET'S HOPE THE RIGHT PERSON PICKS IT UP...
SOON:
HMM... SOMEONE LOST THIS FIVE-DOLLAR BILL! ODD, THOUGH... IT HAS SOME DISTINCT MARKINGS ON IT!
AH... MY X-RAY VISION SHOWS MR. BENTON, THE JEWELER, PICKING IT UP! HE ALWAYS CARRIES A MAGNIFYING GLASS... HE SHOULD SEE MY MESSAGE!
INDEED, WITH HIS MAGNIFIER, THE ASTONISHED JEWELER FINDS THAT ON THE BACK OF THE BILL, THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL SHOWS THE ENGRAVED NAMES OF 26 STATES, WITH CERTAIN LETTERS CIRCLED!
ARKANSAS MICHIGAN FLORIDA TEXAS IOWA WISCONSIN CALIFORNIA MINNESOTA OREGON KANSAS WEST VIRGINIA NEVADA NEBRASKA COLORADO
NEW JERSEY GEORGIA MASSACHUSETTS MARYLAND SOUTH CAROLINA
WHY... STARTING BACKWARDS AND READING FORWARD, THOSE CIRCLED LETTERS SPELL OUT, "KRYPTONITE--S.O.S.--S.O.S.!" IT MEANS SUPERBOY IS IN TROUBLE, UP IN THAT ROOM!

SHORTLY...
I'LL TAKE THE KRYPTONITE AWAY, SUPERBOY!
THANKS... SOON AS MY STRENGTH RETURNS, I'LL BE ABLE TO CHASE DOWN THOSE CROOKS!
THAT DONE, NO FURTHER TROUBLE ARISES IN TOWN -- AND AS NIGHT FALLS...
BY TOMORROW MORNING, THE ATMOSPHERIC DISTURBANCE WILL CLEAR UP... BUT CLARK STILL HAS TO MEET LANA LANG'S ACID TEST!
AFTER RESUMING HIS EVERYDAY IDENTITY...
WELL, CLARK? IF YOU CAN'T SPEAK TILL TOMORROW, I'LL KNOW YOU'RE SUPERBOY! HOW'S YOUR LARYNGITIS?
AS YOU CAN SEE, LANA, IT'S BEEN REPLACED BY A SPLITTING HEADACHE!
OH, MY GOODNESS! YOUR LIPS MOVED... IT'S NO TRICK! YOU CAN'T BE SUPERBOY... I HEARD YOU SPEAK, AND MY EARS CAN'T DECEIVE ME!
WHEN LANA LEAVES...
HER EARS DID DECEIVE HER! WEARING THIS TELEPATHY HELMET I ONCE RECEIVED AS A TROPHY, I RADIATED MY ANSWER SILENTLY, STRAIGHT INTO HER BRAIN! LANA ONLY IMAGINED SHE HEARD MY ACTUAL VOICE, WHEN I MOVED MY LIPS!
AND SO, NEXT DAY, AFTER THE ATMOSPHERE HAS CLEARED UP...
BOY, IT'S GREAT TO BE ABLE TO SPEAK ALOUD AGAIN... HUH?
SHHH! DON'T WAKE PA FROM HIS NAP! I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO KEEP SILENT FOR AWHILE YET, SON!
THE END